looking at the dosette in her hand, she'd give the tenants their evening meds, thinking they were their 6 o'clock meds. The tenants would be too addled to remember that they'd already had their 6 o'clock meds at 4. No less addled herself, Gladys would try to give them their evening meds again at 10 o'clock. She'd finally look at the dosette, notice that the meds for the day were all gone, and accuse someone else of handing them out. She was Mother Hubbard.

Samantha always got her "meds" right after supper. To-night she waited outside while Mack counted his pills on the little round table where the manager counted the cigarette money and Babs prepared the pin money envelopes. There were nine. They ranged in size from tiny yellow clozapine tablets to large football-shaped lozenges. Mack took his time. He asked me if I thought he was going to get better. I said I hoped so. He asked me for some of the peanuts that I had in a plastic container on the mantle. He already had his snack in his knapsack. I'd given him two muffins. Everyone else got one. I poured the peanuts onto a napkin where the pills had been. He thanked me. He wouldn't get better if he didn't stop eating so much.

Mack folded the nuts in the napkin and put them in his knapsack with his muffins and cigarettes. I looked up and saw Samantha scowling behind the reinforced glass. Mack was talking about his other selves. He said he was a lot of different men. Some of them were bad. They said bad things about us. He tried not to listen, because he was good.